BIDE DUDINE

"Lieten, kid," said Luctie, the wallrais in the little restaurant on Broadway, "did you ever go to a play that didn't have the line. You don't un-

devetand,' in 117" "Can't say " he replied. "Don't re-

member about it. "Well," continued Lucie, Tre seen many a show an' have never failed to hear some actor say, "You don't understand 'Oh, now an' then it's 'I

don't understand, but the sediment to the same. To day I serve a author right here at this counter, He orders crullers as Java. When he gets the food he nutters. Pretty tongs: Ms. thakin he means the cruiters, is on the firm line right away. Not them, I says. They was fished out of the grease only two hours ago. Oh, I don't mean the cruiters, he says. I'm between my feet because I can't get a situation.

"Need a job, ch?" comes from me.
"Noed a job, ch?" comes from me.
"No, I'm referrin' to a dramatic situation, he says. It's in my new play.
The hero is down an' out an' gradu-The hero is down an' out an' gradu-ates to be a burgalar. While he is rebbin' the lady's budwah she switches on the ig's. He discov-ers he knows her from some society affair down at Arverne. She yells, 'What you doin' here?' Now I don't know how to finish the scene, What'll I do?'
"Better have some beans, I says. I love to bester such people, idd.

"Better have some beans, I says. I love to pester such people, kid. 'No, no!' he says. 'I have enough food. I want an idea. Put yourself in the burgalar's place. What would you do?"

"I think, I says, 'I'd remark to the lady: "You don't understand."

"He thumps the table. "The very

thing, he says. I presume your idea is to give the play an air of mystery. No, I answers. I merely want to make it like all other plays, so's it will have a chance. Put in anything new an' you'll kill it.

Maggie. Why? I ask. Because, she says. he evidently needs some. He best it out of here without payin his check.

"Now, what do you know about that, kid?" asked Lucile. "I help him with ideas an' he leaves us flat for a "I don't understand," said the news-

The Latin, with a look of mock regreach. "Eat to Brutibus," she said, "The Latin, kid. Means in Engilsh, to you're one of them guys too, are you?" "You're a student of the dead languages, sh?" commented the newspanger man.

"The dead languages?" repeated Lucile, knitting her brow. "Oh, I got you. No, I never did care to read the epitemes enscuiptured on tombstones."

MISS MARBURY'S PLANS.

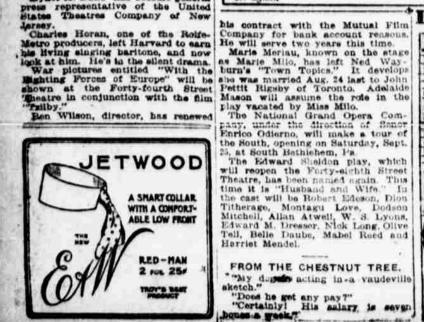
Elisabeth Marbury announces that he will be associated with F. Ray constock during the present season

and Mr. Kern. Before the season is over the Marbefore the season is over the Mar-bury-Comstock Company will present Maurice and Waiton in a new play and Lou-Tellegen in a comedy by Jules Boss. Next Friday night the Marbury-Comstock Company, in asso-ciation with George Mooser, will pro-duce "Our Children," by Louis Ans-pacher, at Maxine Efflott's Theatre.

A PEDDLER'S MISTAKE. A fruit peddler by mistake opened the carriage door of Proctor's Fifth Arenue Theatre during the matinee facturday and yelled, "Any peaches to-day?" Two minutes later he was four blocks away wondering.

GOSSIP. The opening of "Just Boys" at the comedy will take place Wednesday

right.
The vaudeville team of Bert Clark
and Mabel Hamilton has split.
Barbara Schaeffer, a Philadelphia
schoolmate of Vivienne Segal, has
been engaged for "Alone at Last."
Hyatt H. Daab has become general
press representative of the United
states Theatres Company of New
Jareas.















"'S'MATTER, POP!"





WUTH I THAN F TA NEVER THEEN ME TREFORE, HOW 1 BEEN UTHED! DID YA KNOW IT LA BEFORE WUTH ME! HOW IT COME YA PICKED ME IN TATEAD OF A GURLIF

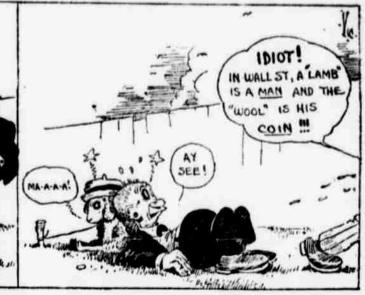


FLOOEY AND AXEL - Well, Axel Can't Be Expected to Know ALL About a Game He's Just Started to Play!



















"Where are you going my pretty maid?" said Tom, tumbling in the path of Little Miss Muffet who had just been frightened by the Black Spider who sat down beside her. She stopped and told Tom her troubles. "If I hunt cown Black Spider may I sit beside you?" asked Tom. "Oh. yes, yes!" she answered, and was off again.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"My done acting in a vaudeville sketch."

"Does he get any pay?"
"Certainly! His salary is seven

Copyright, 1818, Frees Publishing Co. (N. T. Evening World.) Now, if the Spider must be hunted a gun must be got. Tom decided to borrow one of his old friend,

the Little Man, who had a little gun and bullets made of lead. Down his chimney Tom tumbled himself. Now, the Little Man was not very brave-that's why he kept a gun-and when he heard the noise Tom made, how he did run!

Tom took the gun and climbed up on a steeple, from there to view the land and spy upon the spider's whereabouts. But "as he went up the church steeple," Tom "met a crowd of crazy people," so he turned around and tumbled down.



He landed, splish, splash, right in front of Tommy Tittlemouse, who was, as usual, fishing in other men's

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO "MADE GOOD"

After a long whispered conversation Tumble Tom and Tommy Tittlemouse shook hands, and Tom said, "My mother is calling me. I must tumble back to Ope-eye World. To-morrow, when I start hunting Black Spider again, I will use the advice you just gave me. Thank you, good-night."-Continued to-morrow.

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Mr. French proved to be in charge of a department where some of the simpler automobile parts were made, and amid the noise of busy machines Dick was introduced to him. Mr. Marson left.



Half an hour later Dick was on his way back to the machine shop treading on air. Mr. French had hired him. His foot already was on the first rung of the lad-der of his ambition!—Continued to-morroto.

DICK'S UPHILL ROAD-No. 7-The First Rung of the Ladder!



The morning after "Red's" message that his "boss" at the automobile factory "wanted to see him" Dick arranged to leave the shop and made his way to the big plant where good news was awaiting blun,

Mr. Marson, "Red's" tioss, head of the assembling department, greeted Dick in a matter of fact man-ner and started plying him with questions regarding his experience as a machinist. "Red" already had told blim of Dick's ambitions.

After quite a long talk Mr. Marson said: "I spoke to the superintendent about you. He wants young men with ambition, but you've got to begin at the bot-tom. He told me to take you to Mr. French, enother